

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, July 7, 1866.



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"He beheld Julia at a little distance feeding his peacocks."—p. 600.

## THE M'GILLOWIES OF M'GILLOWIE

BY ALEXANDER SMITH, AUTHOR OF "A LIFE DRAMA," "ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

SIR ANDREW'S mother died immediately after his birth, his father died while the lad was at school, near Exeter—near which place he had some

outlying relations—and during the remainder of his minority he was placed under the surveillance of trustees and guardians. His education after his father's death was still continued in England, and

when he attained majority, freedom, and the command of his estate and fortune, he was accustomed—more especially after a spell of residence in his dreary, turreted, sea-bemoaned, and wind-tormented house—to seek change, cheerfulness, and exhilaration amongst his Devonshire friends. In fact, what from enforced residence at school, and frequent visits from motives of pleasure or convenience thereafter, the young baronet was better acquainted with the district in which his southern relations lived, than with the wild seaboard from which he drew his line and name. The autumn of the year before we saw him ride through Halycross he had spent in the south after a fashion more than usually gay. He seemed to have thrown aside for the time all the M'Gillowies melancholy. He pic-nicked, flirted, hunted, boated, and rode about hither and thither, as pleasure led or whim drove. During that period the young laird made many friends. He was young, good-looking, well-born, comparatively rich, and, of course, the doors of the resident gentry stood open to him, with papa and mamma smiling welcome. He might have chosen for mate a daughter out of any of these English homes. And before the autumn was over Sir Andrew did choose a mate. At a pic-nic he encountered Miss Julia Hett—the prettiest rose that perhaps ever bloomed on the family stem of that name, although said stem was rather famous for such pretty girl-roses—and had been charmed by her eyes, her voice, her laugh, and her brilliant light-heartedness. He fell in love, deeply, seriously; and this love which often makes light natures grave, turned the melancholy young baronet into a buck and dandy of the first water. He became all at once interested in coats, waistcoats, and hats, and in the matter of neckties he was fastidious as Beau Brummel himself. Nay, on the occasion of the county ball at the close of the hunting season—at which county ball it was that he whispered something into Miss Hett's rosy little shell of an ear which made her flush and tremble all over, and to which he received in reply just the tiniest, tenderest pressure of the hand; "that was all, and nothing more," but quite sufficient for Sir Andrew—on this great occasion he wore in his coat a yellow M'Gillowie rose, which was the admiration of the whole room, and which, to his gardener's great astonishment, he had sent for to Scotland. Before the close of the ball it was evident to every sharp-eyed mamma that Sir Andrew M'Gillowie and Miss Julia Hett—"the forward thing! her barefaced flirting with that dandified Scotch baronet with the unpronounceable name is perfectly frightful, my dear!"—were not only mutually smitten, but had come to a mutual understanding. This might have been suspected from the way in which the young people kept together; but suspicion became absolute

certainly when it was noticed that the wonderful yellow rose, which adorned Sir Andrew's button-hole, had been transferred to Miss Hett's bosom, where it looked, it must be owned, extremely becoming. High Roman-nosed and pompous Mr. Hett, high Roman-nosed and still handsome Mrs. Hett, who were present, saw all this—indeed, for some week or two back they had observed the grub of the strange Scotch baronet gradually transforming himself into the butterfly of a son-in-law—and they were perfectly well satisfied. Sir Andrew M'Gillowie knew extremely nice people, his introductions were unexceptionable, his character was good, his figure and address were fair; he would become their son, their youngest and only unmarried daughter would become Lady M'Gillowie—on the whole, if the young people made up their minds to go through with it, the match would be eligible in the highest degree. And so it happened that a couple of days after the ball Sir Andrew and Mr. Hett were seated in the library together discoursing of dowry, rental of the M'Gillowie estate, pin-money and jointures, a discourse which seemed satisfactory on both sides. In the evening Sir Andrew dined with the family as a member of the family, and after the ladies retired listened impatiently to Mr. Hett prosing pompously of his old port: "Vintage 17—" and after a bottle of the said remarkable vintage had been disposed of, the old gentleman, with a consideration which was worthy of all praise and of general imitation in the like circumstances, and while producing his bandana preparatory to throwing it over his face, after he had comfortably settled himself in his easy chair, exclaimed—

"Don't mind me, Sir Andrew. I like a snooze after dinner—been my habit these thirty years; and I dare say Mrs. Hett is asleep in her own room. You had better go up-stairs and have some music. Julia is a charming musician; although, for my part, I don't care for the new-fangled Italian airs the girls are so fond of now-a-days."

And Sir Andrew, like a sensible young man and lover, did as he was bid; but in the drawing-room there was no music, till Mr. Hett was heard coughing down-stairs, and then it began with a suspicious suddenness and zeal.

If you are an English gentleman, and if a man comes up from an outlandish country like Scotland, with a hard, jaw-breaking name, and if the man falls in love with your daughter, and your daughter falls in love with him, and you give your consent to the marriage, what is more natural than that you should like to see with your own eyes what sort of new home your daughter is to occupy? Certainly nothing can be more natural. And so it came about, as the marriage was distant a month or two yet, that the Hetts—father, mother, and daughter—were together under the roof-tree of

M'Gillowie House; and that Sir Andrew and Miss Hett, returning from a long ride, and passing the dwelling of old Thomas Flucker, fisherman, in Halycross, diverted the fire of rustic *badinage* from Peter Kennedy, for which the said Peter, scratching his head for a retort which would not reveal itself, ought to have been answerably grateful.

The Hetts—father, mother, and daughter—were fairly established in M'Gillowie House; and although the daughter was delighted with its romantic situation, its grey tower, its quaint, old-fashioned rooms and winding passages, and the bold, sterile scenery which surrounded it, and was never tired of talking and asking questions about them, father and mother did not quite enter into Miss Julia's enthusiasm. And for all this there were, perhaps, sufficient reasons. In the first place, Miss Julia, in her school days, had been a devout reader of "The Castle of Otranto" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and had therefore a penchant for old, mysterious dwellings; besides, in virtue of her years and inexperience, she had a perfect right to a romantic frame of mind. In the second place, she was deeply in love with the owner of the house, and so long as he was present, it could not—so far as she was concerned—seem uncomfortable, or uncanny, or remote. In the third place, in a few weeks she was to be mistress of M'Gillowie House, and everything connected with it was, naturally, to her matter of the deepest interest.

Mrs. Hett could not in the least enter into her daughter's feelings on such matters; nor was it to be expected that she should. She had no fault to find with the house, nor yet with its master; but residence there she found dreary and dispiriting. She had no old friends to chat with, and drink tea with, and talk good-natured scandal with; and, if the truth were to be told, she more than once or twice went to bed in the middle of the day, merely to kill the time, and in the evenings was wont to yawn profoundly behind her fan.

As for Mr. Hett, he was, if possible, in worse case than his wife. He was a solemn, pompous man, fond of hospitality, and who was never happier than when his house was filled with people. During his residence at M'Gillowie House there had not been given a single dinner-party, and the few visitors had been coldly received by Sir Andrew; and when the Roman-nosed Devonshire gentleman attempted to get into conversation with them, he found that he and they had nothing in common. Then, after dinner, when his wife and daughter had retired, he missed very much his "vintage 17—." Sir Andrew's cellar was good; but, as was the case in most Scotch houses of that period, it was richer in clarets than ports, and port was the wine that Mr. Hett liked to drink and to talk about. Besides, as all the world

knows, it is much less pleasant to praise another man's wine than to set forth the merits of your own. Mr. Hett was tired of uttering panegyrics of his future son-in-law's claret, and wished very much to discourse on the merits of his own cellar, with a cobwebbed bottle from that cellar before him. Besides all this, the old gentleman, accustomed to a pleasant climate, had to suffer, during his residence at M'Gillowie House, occasional bursts of weather of the most atrocious description; and on such occasions, the roar of the sea of the rocky shore, the constant drip-drip, pitter-patter of the rain, the piteous sobbing and sighing of the wind along the roof, and the airy voices and whisperings all about, made the old gentleman highly uncomfortable when he lay awake at midnight.

All this was bad enough; but occasionally a worse trouble would obtrude itself on his mind, and that was a change, either real or fancied, in the conduct and demeanour of Sir Andrew. When that young gentleman was Mr. Hett's guest, in Devonshire, he was gay in manner, sprightly in spirits, brilliant in talk; but somehow, since he had seen him in his own house, he was not unfrequently gloomy, abstracted, and morose. Was this change real or imaginary? and if real, from what did it proceed? Mr. Hett puzzled himself over this a good deal in his solitary walks, and once, when the idea struck him that it was the result of indifference—that Sir Andrew was at the trouble to be brilliant so long as he had Julia to win, and did not in the least trouble himself to be agreeable after he had won her—the old gentleman grew suddenly very red in the face, struck his gold-headed stick emphatically into the ground several times, and muttered words which Sir Andrew would not in the least have liked to hear.

But although a good deal moved at the time, Mr. Hett's native good sense dismissed the ungenerous idea peremptorily, and not without a feeling of shame and even self-reproach. Whatever he might think, it was evident that his daughter saw no change in her lover. To her Sir Andrew was almost always animated and gay. She seemed to carry sunshine with her, and he always brightened when he entered the charmed circle.

And after many talks together on these matters, Mr. and Mrs. Hett came to the sensible conclusion that, although they did not much like M'Gillowie House, they had not to live in it; that, although they conceived Sir Andrew to be a slightly dismal personage at times, they had not to marry him. Julia liked the house, and she had to live in it; Julia conceived the master of the house to be the wittiest, handsomest, best-mannered man in the world, and she had to marry him. It was therefore all right. There was no accounting for tastes.



What was one man's meat was another man's poison. Love lends a precious seeing to the eye. They were not in love, and were blind in consequence; Julia was in love, therefore she saw. Therefore, once again, it was all right, and the truest wisdom was to let matters take their course.

And so the time sped past—Mrs. Hett yawning, Mr. Hett in continual fidgets, and Miss Hett as happy as the day was long. She did not find M'Gillowie House dull; she saw no change in its master: for her in the future Hope was building the most brilliant castles.

On the morning after we saw the lovers ride through Halycross, Sir Andrew, before Mr. and Mrs. Hett came down to breakfast, opened one of the dining-room windows and stepped down to the terrace. He had no sooner done so than he beheld Julia at a little distance feeding his peacocks. The young lady recognised him at once, and came forward. Not being a *modiste*, I am unable to say what particular dress she wore; but this I know, that as she advanced, with the sunshine full on her face and hair, her lover thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. When she drew near he noticed that a yellow rose was placed in her breast.

After morning salutations, the young lady said, gaily, in allusion to the peculiar flower she had chosen for adornment, "You see, Sir Andrew, I am wearing your colours."

"I am glad you have taken a liking to the M'Gillowie rose."

"But not only the rose, I have taken a liking to the M'Gillowie everything—the old tower, the old rooms; sea, wind, rain, and moorland; and that dear old housekeeper. You can't guess what a delightful cup of cream I had from her this morning, and what stories she told me while I was drinking it."

"What stories was she telling you?"

"Why she was giving me a full, true, and particular account of all the M'Gillowies of M'Gillowie that ever were—from the foundation of the race down to your honourable self."

Sir Andrew's face wore a troubled expression for a moment, but he instantly mastered the temporary annoyance, if annoyance it were, and, drawing Miss Julia's hand on his arm, began to walk towards the moss-house that stood at the farther end of the terrace.

"And what report did the housekeeper make of the M'Gillowies of M'Gillowie?"

"Oh, the most romantic in the world; that the old men, your great-great-great-great-grandfathers, dear, were the most terrible cut-throats, and that

for their misdeeds the family is attended by a spiritual servitor."

"The nonsensical old fool!" interjected Sir Andrew, angrily.

"Not in the least nonsensical, dear, if it be true. What family except your own can boast of such an attendant? It is an invaluable possession—it cannot be purchased."

"I wish it could be sold," said Sir Andrew, quickly, and with a little, awkward laugh: "I'd let him go cheap."

"But what is it?—who is it? Remember, I have a right to know," and Miss Julia nestled on Sir Andrew's arm, and looked up in his face.

He was silent for a little, and then he went on, in a tone of seriousness, "It is, perhaps, just as well that you had this talk with the housekeeper. We Scotch are a superstitious people, and if you were going down to Halycross, you would be told that when a member of my family is about to die, or any mishap to befall him, the beat of a drum is heard."

"You do not mean to say you believe this ridiculous story?"

"I do. The night my poor father died, and he died suddenly, and of his illness I had not the slightest knowledge, being at a distance from home, and at school; but the master and all the boys heard a sound of the beating of a drum outside, and, when I was told in the morning, I knew what it all meant."

"But why did you not hear it, Sir Andrew?"

"The M'Gillowies never do, only those who are in the same house with the M'Gillowies. If am to break my neck to-morrow, you and your father and mother would hear the ghostly beat to-night. In a few weeks, dearest, when you have become Lady M'Gillowie, your ear will be shut like mine. You will have come under the ban of the family, and it will beat for you as well as for me; but you will hear it no more than I."

Miss Julia's face was pale, and she still nestled on Sir Andrew's arm, only a little closer than before. Sir Andrew went on—

"The hardship is only ideal, dearest. The M'Gillowies don't die any sooner than other people. I should have told you this before, but did not dare. Are you afraid?"

"No, no! This ban, as you call it, will bring us closer to each other, will it not? I will accept anything in your company willingly, oh, how willingly! I am yours only—for good or for evil—yours, yours only." And she spread her arms around him, and leant her head, in utter trustfulness, on Sir Andrew's breast.

The next moment the bell rang for breakfast.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## ST. MATTHEW, THE TYPE OF METHOD.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

**T**HERE are three slight verbal variations in the inscriptions on the cross, as recorded by the four evangelists. Matthew (xxvii. 37) gives:—"This is Jesus the King of the Jews." Mark (xv. 26) says, simply—"The King of the Jews," which obviously does not purport to be the accusation itself, but a quotation from it, proclaiming that royal title which so offended the Jews as to prompt them to request Pilate to alter it. Luke's version (xxiii. 38) is—"This is the King of the Jews;" and John's (xix. 19) is—"Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews." The explanation of these variations may be founded on St. Luke's and St. John's statement, that the charge on which the Lord Jesus was condemned, was written in three languages—in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. There are substantially, as we have seen, only three variations, and these three are probably due to the three various languages in which they are rendered. St. John gives the Latin, the "I. N. R. I."—Jesus Nazareth Rex Judeorum—always in use of the Latin Church. The scholarly St. Luke renders it in more classic Greek, and St. Matthew in Hebrew, of which the Authorised Version is a literal translation. St. Matthew's Gospel, originally written in Hebrew, naturally adopted the Hebrew inscription. His selection is of piece with the lucid, orderly, business-like arrangement of the whole of his gospel. Mark and Luke call Matthew by the name of Levi; but Matthew calls himself, Matthew (Matt. ix. 9). The word is derived from the Syriac, Mathai, which signifies "a gift," and he was probably so named by his father, Alphæus, in recognition of the truth, that "children, and the fruit of the womb, are an heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord." Some have supposed he assumed the name of Matthew after his conversion, from Mathetes, "a learner, or disciple." St. Matthew and the three other evangelists are careful not to use the word crime, in describing what was written on the cross. Matthew set the example to Mark, of calling the label usually affixed above the victim's head—"the accusation." Luke calls it a "superscription," and John a "title." There is a meaning in this. It was *only* an accusation, and one that was false as his accusers. He never assumed royalty, whether a Jewish or Roman.

On more than one occasion the Lord withdrew and hid himself, when the multitude would have taken him by force to make him a king. His conduct on this point was uniformly consistent with his language—"Who made me a ruler or a judge over you?" If Pilate asked him, "Art thou

the King of the Jews?" it was no subterfuge, but a legal refusal to be any party to their unjust condemnation of him, by even appearing to criminate himself, which dictated the reply to his judge, "*Thou sayest.*" Was it Pilate's remembrance that Jesus had *not* said it which influenced his declining the Jews' petition that the title should be altered from "The King of the Jews" to "*He said, I am the King of the Jews?*" He had never said so. On the contrary, he had expressly affirmed, "My kingdom is not of this world," and therefore no earthly potentates could justly charge him with treasonably affecting their crowns. The unsubstantial and unproved charge on which men condemned Christ is a significant symbol of the equally unfounded charges commonly brought against Christianity. Matthew, who had originally been a tax-gatherer—an office requiring great accuracy in keeping its accounts—was no doubt familiar with the forms of Roman tribunals. He was aware of the rule of affixing to the cross a statement of the crime for which the delinquent suffered. It is still the rule in Chinese crucifixions. He therefore realised the value of the fact, that none of the three inscriptions imputed a crime to his crucified Master. And if the superscriptions did not, why should his history employ a word which might imply a contrary interpretation? His own accuracy as a biographer was at stake, as well as the fair name of his blessed Lord. Hence the importance obviously to be attached to the exact wording of the passage, "They set up over his head his accusation written, This is Jesus the King of the Jews." We employ the verse not so much as a text of the crucifixion, as an illustrative instance of that methodical exactness which pervades the whole Gospel of St. Matthew, as characteristic of the commercial writer, as the more polished style of St. Paul recalls the learned student of Tarsus.

It was in the midst of his occupation, "at the receipt of custom," Jesus called him. There was no single expression of impatience, no complaint of interruption of business, no hesitation in giving Christ an audience, as we often see the case, when one of his ministers comes on his Master's errand into our modern counting-houses. Few but precious were the words that passed between Jesus and Matthew—"He said, Follow me. And Matthew arose, and followed him." Capernaum lost its chief publican, but Jesus gained a disciple. With this single exception, Matthew refers no more to himself, beyond the necessary insertion of his name on the list of the Twelve. The historian is absorbed in the interest of his history. We feel the writer's

influence in every page of his compilation; but it is not the man, only his subject which charms and instructs us. "The Gospel of St. Matthew is the grand text-book of Christianity; the other gospels are collateral evidences of its truth, and the apostolic epistles are comments on its text." There is no single truth or doctrine in all the oracles of God not included or implied in the work of this precise evangelist. The outlines of the whole spiritual system are here perspicuously laid down. Not even Paul has added to its sacred elements. He has amplified and illustrated the truths presented in this gospel; but even under the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit, neither Paul nor any other writer of the New Testament has originated any one doctrine of which the protoplast does not pre-exist in the words or acts of the Redeemer, as recorded by the copious, yet discriminating pen of the publican of Capernaum. He observes the dignity of sacred history without a jot of parade—facts are related, or characters delineated, without one interpolation of applause or criticism, or wearisome digressions, or admixture of his own opinion; and for its multiplicity of internal evidences of credibility, the Gospel of St. Matthew remains without a parallel among human compositions. Like most, if not all, of our Lord's disciples, Matthew was a man of Galilee, and by his life and character, contributed with the rest of the Twelve to redeem his native province from the reproach of being a Galilean. If the Jews objected to the Lord Jesus, that "out of Galilee ariseth no prophet," it was out of Galilee arose all the apostles, and He, the Prophet of all the prophets, who went down to Nazareth, and was not ashamed to be called a Nazarene, honoured Galilee with his presence, probably, for twenty-eight years. Among the lessons of Matthew's life, as an evangelist, stands out conspicuously the consecration of his natural gifts of order and arrangement to the glory of God, in his work as an apostle and biographer of Jesus. The same qualities which distinguish us in our natural capacities or secular callings should always be exercised in the duties of the spiritual life. The intelligent and methodical man of business should put out his talent to sacred usury, not sacrificing religion to his business, but making a business of his religion—laying himself out for schemes of greater usefulness to his fellow-men. The accomplished scholar should devote to the elucidation of the beauty, power, and proofs of Holy Writ the wit and learning, meekly laid, like offerings more precious than of gold, on the altar of his faith. The envied man of rank or position should employ his influence, as a sanctified lever, on his day and generation, to elevate the interests of truth, and extend its dominion over the minds and consciences of his contemporaries. The poet's harp should be hallowed, like David's, by waking

its filial echoes of the songs of Zion. Youth should bring its strength, and beauty its charm, to bear upon the attractions of the cross of Christ, "compelling them to come in" who have hitherto lived without a religious thought, or sensibility to Divine responsibility and claims. Whatever we have, God has given it; whatever we are, God has made us; hence, whatever we give, or whatever we do, "of thine own, O God, give we unto thee"—"accept that thine is."

Particularly would we urge upon young Christians the devout cultivation of Matthew's habits of order and system. We shall all find them great helps to our own souls, and enhancements of our means of usefulness to others. Desultory habits in religion are just as prejudicial to progress and result, as they are known to be in business or study. It is a common admission of bankrupts that they kept no books; and it is not seldom the solution of their insolvency. Order and method are as essential to success of any kind as integrity and toil. Let us punctually and devoutly keep our soul's accounts, and the account will be the means of keeping our souls.

We close with another reference to what Matthew states was written on the cross—"This is Jesus the King of the Jews." A Gentile wrote it, and therefore made the involuntary acknowledgment of Jesus as the King of Gentiles also; for his covenant title to the throne of David includes "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." Well may the voice of Pilate ring in our ears the searching question which he put to the Jews, "Shall I crucify your King?" Are we, like them, disowning and abjuring his rule, saying in our disloyal hearts and unbelieving lives, "We have no king" but some dominant Cæsar of our lusts, and passions, and besetting sins? Or, on the contrary, are we, in honest and true hearts, endeavouring, by the grace of his Holy Spirit, to serve the Lord Jesus? If the carnal mind of the Jew wreaked its disappointment on the meek and lowly person of the Messiah, by charging him with conspiring against Roman ascendancy, through making himself a king, does the world's unabated hatred and dissatisfaction with the religion of the cross still accuse us, as disciples of a crucified Master, with "saying there is another king, one Jesus," whose kingdom is to "put down all rule and all authority, and all power, for he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet?"

St. Matthew's precision in identifying the person of the crucified Nazarene with the Son of God and the King of Israel, "This man is Jesus, the King of the Jews," indicates the fundamental necessity of clear, undoubting, unreserved, public acknowledgment of the Lord's supremacy above all human laws, customs, passions, prejudices, affections, in-

terests, powers, or dominions. No earthly plea can bar his claims, nor dispense with our allegiance; still less the treasonable pretence of ecclesiastical relaxations, as if the members of Christ's body, which is his Church, could set aside her Divine Head, and the spouse authenticate the unfaithfulness committed against her Husband, for whom she was pledged, in her mystic marriage as the Lamb's wife, to forsake all other, cleaving only unto him. What the Lord answered Pilate is true of all the visible church's, or the world's trespasses on his personal authority, "Thou couldest have no power against me at all, except it were given thee from above: therefore they" (whether a backsliding church or apostate world) "who delivered me" to this or that wrong "have the greater sin." The authoriser, promoter, or tempter to the act or thought of disobedience to Christ incurs heavier penalties than the blind thus led by the blind, who both fall into the ditch together. Then in taking up our cross daily to follow Jesus, let us see that "the title" is legible on it of *Jesus the King*. No other cross bears salvation save that which bore the Saviour, and only so, even in his case, because "His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." The world could write nothing so bad on our cross—which, if it were worse might not be true, the accusation would be a fact—could not overstate the guilt of the sinner. Like the

thieves on calvary, "We are all in the same condemnation, and we indeed justly." This should be our self-abasing echo of the penitent malefactor's cry, "We indeed justly; but this man hath done nothing amiss." Nothing indeed—the superscription of his very cross being witness. No marvel Matthew's Gospel, like his Master's raiment, was all of a piece. Based on the high and mighty principle of a Royal Saviour, it was thence woven from the top throughout; and who would reject it? Oh, come, let us worship and fall down before the throne of this doctrine—Jesus the King! Let its governing and pervading power exert an assimilating influence in our hearts and lives, producing, in some analogy with the uniform method and harmony of Matthew's Gospel, which first proclaimed it, a whole burnt-offering, and subjection of the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, in ever-growing and increasing conformity to his will, whose we are, and whom we serve. Whatever our individual cross may be, like his own, it should bear its testimony to the crucified King, as those who are crucified together with him; and, like the Calvary penitent, recognising by faith the crown above the cross, pay homage to Pilate's title of the King by the expository prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Would he have spoken of a kingdom, had he not read and believed, "This is Jesus the King?"

## OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE."

### II.—AT A CHIRURGEON BARBER'S.

**A**MONGST the innumerable instances of bad taste in youth of both sexes, is, I believe, a deep passion for haunting barbers' windows; sadly, too, all of us have had it, owing mostly, it may be, to the wax dummies therein—the celebrated military officers and duchesses, which those stearine *simulacra*, in copper-lace, artificial pearls, and cotton velvet, represent. We sigh about our boyhood's days pretty deeply, like mimics as we are. Would we go back to those days when a wax thing, with glass eyes, a straight nose, nostrils stuffed with red pigment, a feeble mouth, and widely-sown eyebrows, was our ideal—our Lady Clara Vere de Vere, our own sweet one? The supposition is preposterous: let us content ourselves with our state as men, and being fully alive to the dummies. School-girls who are of this class are objectionable; nobody loves them; they have arrived at a debatable time of life, in which, I verily believe, they, rather than otherwise, are unpleasant to themselves. We love girl-babies, and young ladies of nineteen or—say twenty. The intermediate periods offer but silly

things, redolent of bread-and-butter, with their fingers clammy and cold with practising the "Battle of Prague" and Weber's last waltz. One of the loves of the schoolgirl is, shame be it said, the dummy, the barber's dummy!

Now, if there be anything utterly objectionable, in a harmless way, to me it is a big wax doll. If I only knew the Italian artist who made them, I should, probably, assault him. Being a thorough Iconoclast, I hate images of all sorts, especially of the waxen sort. Madame Tussaud's would be to me a prison; a barber's shop, with its three or five smirking inhabitants, looking as hard as stone in winter, and as soft as lard in summer, I fly from. I agree substantially with those early zealots who burnt the images, especially the waxen dolls. They come too near nature to be pleasant; they are like and unlike, flattering yet insulting; hypocrites, with a fair outside merely, and the inside—what is it?—wool and sawdust. The dummy which turns round, and bends her neck fantastically—the dummy which, having a loose wig, changes the fashion of its hair at least once a month, sometimes, too, being seen naked, and not ashamed; helplessly



bald in the early morning—the dummy which has dyed one half of its hair yellow and the other black—these, and other monstrosities, are odious; but the male dummy exceeds them all. Those female effigies have still some paradisiac recollections or associations about them: they are intended to represent women. The other effeminate things are not worthy of being men-milliners; they have all the smirking prettiness of Mantilini; their hair exhibits vast culture and attention; their looks are, to say the least of it, very bold; they are guiltless of blushing, and have as little self-conscious modesty as the young men of the day; they are odiously well satisfied with themselves. But, even in these, there are degrees of baseness. The young images are bad enough; but the old ones, wrinkled, not by time but art, with their wigs sprinkled with grey, and wider and thinner in the “natural skin” partings, with the same lively, unabashed look as the young ones, and with preternaturally bright eyes—can any one look on them without feeling his choler rise? There was a middle-aged creature of this sort, particularly well shaven, and blue about the chin, as an actor should be, made up after Charles Kean, with a woman’s collar round its waxy neck; a star just under its armpit, having, like all dummies, but a short supply of chest, and a scant black cotton-velvet Hamlet cloak on, that was such an insult to the immortal bard, that I felt mighty indignant when I saw the shop. And yet I cannot tell you how many young ladies in the neighbourhood were in love with that waxen image which M. Cheveux had set up. The manly intellect of Dash, the soaring eloquence of Blank, the piety and poetry of Asterisk, and the fervid bravery of Stars, were nothing beside the hectic and romantic prettiness of that waxen dummy.

Barbers are strange creatures. They are supposed—I don’t know why, but probably with some justice—to be badly fed, and their clerks are proverbially ill-paid, because they keep none, having a ready-money business. That credit in commerce is ruin, is disproved by barbers: they are paid at once, or—in the case of those bold fellows, whereof Mr. Thackeray was one, who subscribe by the year or quarter for unlimited hair clippings—beforehand; and yet no barber ever made a fortune. They are good citizens, and are a mild, gentle, and effeminate race, smelling of a faint compound of smells, over which hair-oil predominates. They are celebrated, too, for always having their hair in good order, and probably, when young men in a large establishment—say Bruce’s, of Bond Street—practice hair cutting on themselves. They dare not smoke, and seldom drink; when they do, it is weak gin-and-water. If they speculate, they join building societies, which too often fail; when they grow rich, which is only by a rare chance, they live at Clapham, and make an abortive attempt at a military appear-

ance; but in this they are outdone by tailors. When poor, they take to singing birds, and are clever at breeding canaries, the birds evidently delighting in the soft warmth of the shop and the chatter of the customers. The music of these birds is, perhaps, a Shakespearean relic, for in the Elizabethan times the worn and well-thumbed guitar was as necessary to the barber’s shop as a shaving-basin. Douglas Jerrold has represented one of this fraternity as having political feelings, but at present few barbers have any: hearing so much on all sides, they are of none, and show best policy in assenting to everything that a customer says.

Who amongst these gentlemen, who were once hangers-on to a science, and called themselves chirurgeons, introduced the notion that bears’ grease made the hair grow, is not known. His great name—great for a barber—has perished, but his swindle survives. All sorts of execrable dodges are undertaken behind those dreadful dummies, to persuade people that hair will grow upon the baldest head. How all of us are deceived at one time by this miserable fallacy, it is humiliating, but necessary, to relate. How the insidious operator introduces his “Taurus’ Marrow” and his “Ursa Major Cream,” how he extols certain “balm,” and declares that one trial will prove the fact; how beardless boys write to female swindlers, who assert that, for six stamps, they will cause the beard to grow thickly in six weeks—is known to all. How this preparation is applied secretly, and how the smooth chin is nervously watched night and morning, one can imagine. Of course, Nature is not coaxed out of her way by “Balm of Moldavia,” nor can a man grow a beard like a muff by bathing his chin in “Wallachian Wash.” I have said barbers are harmless: not so. Deception by hair-washes and bears’ grease is their cardinal sin.

Let us take a peep into the window of Mr. Wigsby, one of the last of those vestiges of creation, who, having a weak faith in bears, goes so far as to keep one, and indeed looks upon him as his stock-in-trade. How so many pots get filled with the fat of so small an animal, is a mystery never explained. Mr. Wigsby declares that it is because he is so “werry fat,” and that grease goes a long way, which assertions, to some extent, are true.

The quarter in which Mr. Wigsby and his bear reside was, in good truth, once not only a quarter, but the better half of the town; and Mr. Wigsby himself recollects, with a sigh, in which pride has a struggle with regret, and gets the worst of it, when carriage ladies by the score used to send for him to “dress their ‘air before goin’ to court.”

Those days are passed: days in which we had dandies and dandizettes, and gentlemen paid such attention to their ‘air—and airs, indeed—that sometimes a “fine ‘ead was a fortune to ‘em.”





(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"And great ladies, sir, sends their nursemaids all the way, sir, from Peckham and Belgravia to see the bear."—p. 667.

Now-a-days the degenerate young fellows, what with having it cut close off behind, and "letting it grow on their chins quite awful," says Wigsby, do not pay that attention to the subject which my informant thinks it demands.

I quite concede Wigsby's premises, and agreeing with him in a nonchalant way, for I being fond of having my hair cut and brushed, manage to get an extra half-hour's brushing and cleansing, and thereby avoid the necessity of having any machinery employed on the outside of my head. In the days of which Mr. Wigsby speaks, I can just remember that beards and moustaches were so scarce that any man who "sporting" one was at once put down as one of three things—things, by the way, which thrive into remarkable vigour and liveliness upon British ground—that is to say, a foreigner, a nobleman, or a swindler. I remember, too, that in the works of an author, whose acute and accurate observation has never been doubted, a handsome hero will be met with who supported himself in a very respectable position upon a fine head of hair and a beard, to which ornaments he added a pair of moustaches, and who was enabled to marry a lady with a competency, and, if we believe him, to slight and reject "two countesses and a dowager."

Mr. Wigsby is a little, old, shabby man, with a pride in his art and in a tall, mild son—a good man, and one who has had his trials and worries. Almost all hairdressers, as we have before noticed, are soft, good-natured fellows, as if they were suckled on Balm of Columbia, and tried their milk teeth on somebody's "Emollient." Wigsby is extra soft and pliable. He never addresses any one—not even his sweep, I believe—without one "sir;" and when he is attending to a customer whom he respects—as he does the present insidious writer—he treats him with as many "sirs" as Johnson did Boswell and Boswell Johnson.

Mild as Wigsby is, his son—a young man who once had a hope which budded early and was nipped by the frost—is comparatively milder.

"He wouldn't 'urt a fly, sir; no, sir. John is as soft as salad oil, sir, and as kind. You can't quarrel with him, sir; nor turn his edge, sir—any more than you could that of a good razzur, sir. They've all on 'em turned out bad, sir—very bad, sir; boys and girls, and all; and have left me and my fallen fortunes, and hemigrated."

Emotion, and nothing more, as we shall at once explain, makes Wigsby ever aspire anything; he is too mild for the smallest aspiration.

"Well, sir," he continued, "my eldest one, that's Robert, you know—I'll take jest a little from over the right ear, sir—'as gone and bin to Australia, as I well know, 'aving fitted on him hout." Wigsby breathes hard again. "Well, I wrote to him, to say that me and his poor mother weren't at all

well; and trade was dull, and the Glistener did not move a pot."

"The what, Mr. Wigsby?" inquired I.

"The Glistener, sir—made after the recipe of an eminent physician, Sir Benjamin Bowlers, sir; the 'Air Glistener, sir—warranted to make everybody's 'ead as soft and natural as a child's, sir. You see, sir, when the cares and troubles of this world don't rub your 'air all off, sir, which, as is well known, is a frequent result, why they turn 'em all rough and wiry like. All old men's hair is very like wires, sir—I don't know whether you've observed—and blunts the scissors awful. Some on 'em are so hard as they quite flies up in your face when you cuts 'em, and one had need of spectacles, I am sure."

"And the Glistener softens their hair, I suppose."

"Of course it do," said Mr. Wigsby—"just a leetle more off behind, I think, sir—and puts a gloss on it, sir, quite a gloss. You know as how it becomes very dull like too, howing"—here he got a little out of breath and caught himself up—"howing, sir, to roots a-perishing, sir. Sir Benjamin, when I gave 'im 'is ten guineas for the Glistener, sir, magnifying a root of 'air, sir, a regular bunch of 'em all a-growing together, somethin' like leeks or bamboo-canes, or crab-tree walking-sticks, all knobby all the way up, sir; curus, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes, it is; but how about your son Robert?"

"Oh, sir, he was 'artless—'artless did I say? he had an 'art, sir, and so says Mrs. Wigsby, his poor mother, and a precious woman, sir—such a favourite with my greet customers of Russell Square, sir—say she, a-stirring up a pot of the Glistener, sir, she says, 'Robert 'as got a 'art, and so 'as a turnip, a cabbage, or a brickbat. He don't take after his father, Wigsby.'

"No," says I, "my dear; neither do he take after his mother."

"As to his sperrit, Wigsby, he do," she says. "I was always reckoned a woman of a deal of sperrit, and Robert 'as much the same; but as to his 'art——' But it's o' no use repeatin' to you his mother's observations. Mothers know most of their own children; and when they are indooed to speak bad on 'em, why bad they must be. Yes, sir, Robert absolutely says that I was an old fool to stay where I was, to come over there and make my fortune; and that he wouldn't send me an ounce a gold—no, not if he found a nugget as big as St. Paul's; and that, if I wanted money, I was to sell the bear!"

Wigsby piped shrilly as he said this, and a lively old canary, which looked knowing out of his cage, as if he was listening to the old boy singing a plaintive song, which was manifestly the idea the bird had, gave a peculiar chirp, as much as to say, "Hallo! that's a fresh note, Wigsby; try it again."

Mr. Wigsby's scissors trembled so against my left ear, the hair round which he was finishing off,

that I, to encourage him, sympathised with him. "Sell the bear, indeed!" said I; "where is it?"

"Oh, it's close by, sir; close by. John, draw up the blind, and let the gentleman see our bear. It's one of the sights of the neighbourhood, sir. And when it's been killed, sir, and hung up dead-like by the shop door, sir, with all its insides turned outside, all a-bustin' with fat, sir, we have such a crowd, sir, as one can't pass—specially children, sir. And great ladies, sir, sends their nursemaids all the way, sir, from Peckham and Belgravia to see the bear. Leastways, they did," said the little man, with a sigh, parting my hair with a trembling hand; "but those days is past."

"I'll come and finish off the gentleman, father," said John Wigsby; "you're agitated, I see."

John Wigsby took the soft brush, as soft as the old barber himself, out of his father's hand, and continued the operation; and Wigsby sat down, not without many apologies, and pointed out the caged *Ursa minima* to me.

If Wigsby was mild, and John milder, the bear reached the superlative degree of mildness. There she lay, blinking at us from a small cage about big enough for a Newfoundland dog, which was rigged up at the end of a yard, in which the unhappy—or happy—animal passed its indolent existence. So far as I could say, it was suffering from an attack of indigestion; and lay there, doubled up, like the Cornwall lunatic when found by Doctor Bryne, and looking like a small heap of brown mops unfinished and without the handles.

"You arn't afraid, sir?" said Wigsby, with some grandeur; "as for me, sir, I'm used to him, I am."

"Umph!" said I, looking curiously at him, whilst Wigsby Junior gave a forward brush at my hair; "and where does that creature come from?"

"The docks, sir," said Wigsby; "we buys 'em at the docks. Sailors bring 'em over and make pets

on 'em aboard ship, sir, and then sells 'em. It breaks their 'arts partin' with 'em, but Jack aint got no room for 'em when ashore, you see, and they eats such a precious lot, they do, sir."

"Ay, and what do you feed them on?" said I, getting interested; "I suppose this individual is the last of a long line?"

"Yes, sir," said John Wigsby; "this is the ninety-ninth bear I've had. At number one hundred, I stop; the business won't keep us both, that's a fact. They eat, sir, four times a day, a huge bowl of rice and molasses, and very fat it makes them. They are never savage when their bellies is full, and generally good-natured sort o' fellows by the time I gets them. It quite grieves me to kill 'em; we kill 'em and eat 'em too, sir."

I looked at the little man with some wonder; could he be a bear-slayer and eater? "Yes," I said, inquiringly, "I have heard that bears' hams are good."

"Too good for us," said old Wigsby, with mildness; "we sell 'em; the paws is beautiful, beautiful sir, they tell me, and so the bear thinks, for he sucks 'em often enough. No, sir," he continued, with a sigh, "we don't eat 'em, nor we don't kill 'em. A Mr. Scumble, sir," here he mentioned a celebrated artist, "gives me half-a-sovereign, sir; he used to give me a whole one, to shoot him, sir; he brings his musket, gets as far off as he can, and pop—and the bear is dead. He never wants to shoot twice. Your hat, sir; sixpence, yes, sir, pay in the shop, sir; glad you're so much interested in my bear, sir." The little man gave his usual sigh, whiffed, with a worn-out hat-brush, a few specks of hair from my coat, and bowed me out of his shop; past the dummies, turning yellow with age and with a faded grandeur; past a small mean row of pomatum pots, that were dummies, too; and past, finally, the Hairdresser's Window.

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE ROOKS' NEST.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.



MISS SEVERN, pray read, or do something; I am so tired and miserable." And poor Dora Beauchamp turned her head wearily upon her pillow.

"Will you tell me a story?"

"Yes, darling, if you will try to keep still."

The beautiful view lay basking in the intense sunlight, and the rooks were cawing in the tall elms, and taking great circling sweeps in the clear air, and then disappearing again amongst the top-most branches of the stately trees.

"How the rooks talk every morning and evening," said Dora. "I wonder what they say; it sounds as if they meant something."

"Of course it does," said Miss Severn; "and when I first came here, in April, I was in the avenue one day, when a bit of twig fell at my feet, and, looking up, I saw an old rook had just dropped it—and he and his wife were holding quite a long conversation, as they hovered about, breaking off a twig here and a twig there, till they got one of the precise length and thickness they needed. Shall I tell you what I fancied they were talking about?"

"Yes," said Dora, her eye brightening; "go on."



"It's not the first time I have built a nest," said the elder rook; "no, nor the second, nor the third. But you are young," he said, turning to his wife, as he pulled off a little twig, and laid it on the nest for her to straighten—"you are young, and don't know so much of the world as I do. It was a proud day," said he, "when I chose my first mate, and we sailed out together one bright March morning to look about us, and fix upon our future home. These very trees, my dear, were our first resting-place, and, tired with our flight, and well pleased with our good fortune in alighting here, we determined to stay where we found ourselves for the present. Full of conceit and self-importance, we imagined our coming from the city would give us at once a good introduction to the country-bred rooks amongst whom we had chosen to dwell. The whole party were out on our arrival, on an expedition to that field of Farmer Clarke's where the finest slugs are still found; and my wife and I, after refreshing ourselves with a little luncheon in the park below, again mounted to the top branches of the tall tree to your right, and looked about us to admire this lovely prospect. That building was just beginning, and we saw a great many in course of repair; one of which I was just examining with my beak, when a rough voice near asked me what I wanted. I retreated to the next bough, and replied, with civility, that I only wished to notice the construction of the nest; there was no harm in that, I hoped. Dear! what a hubbub was presently raised by the whole tribe, who were now returning—such chattering, and scolding as our quiet, humdrum people near the cathedral at Norchester never dreamed of. But my wife was a match for the loudest of them; she declared her intention of staying where she was, and I think her beauty made an impression on the head of the colony. The proud day came at last when four beautiful eggs lay in our nest, and soon that still prouder day when the young ones were safely hatched. We were so happy—my poor wife and I—and never thought it hard work to supply the wants of those little gaping mouths. It is astonishing, by the way," said the rook, "what these youngsters get through in the course of one day. I have often had a pain in my left wing for hours after my continued flight for their support. But these are necessary exertions, which no good parent grudges; and to work for others is always the greatest joy. But my wife and I fell into error—the error of over-indulgence of our children; an indulgence which was weak, and ended in sad results. This first brood of ours were really beautiful; my wife said there were none such in the colony, and I was inclined to agree with her. One was an elegant shape—another had a peculiarly graceful arch to his neck—a third had lovely plumage—a fourth a melodious voice. The day

of the first flight is always looked forward to anxiously, both by parent birds and nestlings, and many a time did we talk it over, and grew eager for the right time to arrive. At last the time did come. We took several flights with them in safety, till one day, alighting in the farmyard, the nestlings, contrary to my repeated orders, became too bold, and ventured within a granary, which was no doubt tempting from the scent of grain. Again and again I called them out, and again and again they persisted in passing the open door. At last my wife and I thought if we took flight, the young ones would follow us from fear. We tried the experiment, and made a sudden whirl in the air, calling on them all the time. What was our consternation to hear the sound of the sudden banging of the granary doors! and on flying back, we discovered that a labourer had just closed them, and our children were close prisoners for the night. We hovered about till sunset, hoping that the cruel doors might be reopened. We could hear the faint caw of the poor little prisoners; but, alas! we were powerless to help them. A miserable night we passed; and at the first faint streaks of dawn, we sought the farmyard. After waiting disconsolate for some time, the great doors were swung back; two boys entered, and we soon saw them coming out, each with one of our children in either hand. We saw their struggles for freedom, and they saw us; but what could we do? We wheeled round and round the boys' heads, and my wife pecked the straw cap off one, and screamed violently; but it was all of no avail. "The young thieves!" we heard the urchins say; "they have been stuffing themselves all night, and now they shall pay for it. Let's clip their wings, Bob, and carry 'em home with us." This, we supposed, was done; for the boys disappeared with their prey, and we never saw our children more. When we had recovered a little from our grief, I talked very seriously to my wife, and said if ever we had another brood, we must teach them obedience as the first lesson. And here the old rook concluded his story, I think, for another movement was made in the tree over my head; the luncheon bell rang, and I came into the house."

"I like that story very much, Miss Severn," said little Dora.

#### COWSLIP.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



YELLOW, yellow cowslip,

Growing in the grass,

Thou dost bloom so brightly,

Thou dost smell so sweetly,

That the very cattle

Lightly o'er thee pass.

Yellow, yellow cowslip,  
Children gather thee,  
In the early summer,  
In the dewy morning,  
When his nest beside thee  
Leaves the lark so free.

Yellow, yellow cowslip,  
Shining in the sun,  
When the tall grass meadows

Yield unto the mowers,  
Then thy life is ended,  
Pensive little one.

Yellow, yellow cowslip,  
Like thee may I grow,  
Thoughtful as thy nature,  
Useful as thy blossoms,  
Till to bloom in Eden,  
From the world I go.

R.

## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. G. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

## WORSE THAN ORPHANED.

**F**ROM the time that Edina had left her school, and been domesticated with Miss Ormond, she had naturally thought of an interview with her grandfather. And now this anticipated interview, in which she had trusted to overcome his prejudices, had taken place under such circumstances that her grandfather's feeling of passive indifference had changed to dislike—her only near relative!

"Was he indeed her only relative?"

The astounding revelation contained in the note she had found excited her mind to believe it possible that her father might be still alive—that father whom she had heard described as such a wretched mass of deception. Ah! how did she now regret her orphanage was over. She had learned what, previous to the last twenty-four hours, she had deemed was impossible—that the condition of an orphan is not the worst or most helpless. But even as she thought thus, she was angry with herself for adopting her grandfather's prejudices. "He is under the dominion of hatred to a degree that prevents his seeing and knowing the truth," she said; and then added, "My father, if alive, may be no more worthy of his hatred than I am. I'll believe no evil that I do not actually know."

All the nefarious story, of which she had received a dim outline, as to a false report of her mother's death, to extort money—all this might be an exaggeration; or others may have practised the deceit, and charged it upon her parents. And though she did not certainly see how this could be, yet on the assumption that assertion is not proof, and that all are innocent until proved to be guilty, she steadfastly resolved to ignore all that she had heard her father accused of. As we generally succeed in believing as we wish, the mental special pleading of half an hour had sufficed to convince her that her father, as well as that poor outcast daughter and mother, were "more sinned against than sinning."

Her reverie was interrupted by the tea-things being brought in, and she inquired for Jessy, who, wishing for nothing better than to tell what she had learned at the inquest, volunteered the remark—

"Oh, Miss Smith, there was not a scrap—no, not a scrap of paper, not even a wedding-ring on her finger. A man who keeps a little silversmith's shop at Hammersmith came forward to say that, three days ago, he bought a very old, thin, bent wedding-ring of the woman. He broke it up to sell for old gold. And a baker said that the same day, a little after, she had bought a loaf of him. There was sixpence and some coppers left in her pocket; so that, as the jury said, she didn't die of want. The parish doctor proved that it was heart disease, and that's always sudden; but why ever she should have come to our boat-house I can't fathom, nor the gentlemen couldn't, for all they'd the law o' their side. But they're a-going to let her lay in the dead-house a day, to be owned if anybody belonging to her comes; and law, miss, a perlecceman—a most civil man—told me as no end of people is always missing, and their friends a-seeking 'em, and many is never found, and he thinks this one won't be. But, miss, only think what Mr. Graspington did. He handed to the coroner some money, as the subscription of the ladies of this house, to bury her; and after her coming here a-trespassing and interloping unknown to anybody—that was very handsome, I'm sure. I didn't know that he had known Miss Ormond's mind, because she don't tell it out so open as Mrs. Tregabbitt do, but he had it seems; or maybe he thought it was what Miss Ormond, in her kindness, would like to do."

"Yes, that was perhaps the idea," Edda compelled herself to say, Jessy continuing her narrative by saying, "There's a cemetery not far from here, where she is to be buried, if she ain't owned soon."

"A cemetery near Rivercroft?"

"Yes, miss, not half a mile away. I think if my two ladies don't object, I should like to see the burying. The corpse goes like from our place, a-dying as she did on our premises, though an outhouse; and I think somebody should go from here."

A heavy sigh from Edina startled her, and she added—

"But law, miss, I forgot it was getting late, and I might make you nervous. I'm sure we servants will have to go about in couples after nightfall, and I wouldn't go to that boat-house—oh, I wouldn't; I daren't—not to be made queen or princess to-morrow."

"What folly are you talking, Jessy? I advise you not to let Miss Ormond hear any such absurdity."

Thus checked, Jessy soon departed, to talk over her terrors and superstitions in the kitchen.

Meanwhile Miss Ormond had found her visit more pleasant than she had expected. Mrs. Clipp had engrossed Mrs. Tregabbitt, leaving Kate at liberty to wander over the grounds at the Elms; and though differing from Miss Clipp on almost every subject, yet a little opposition roused her, and did her good. One thing, too, was certain, that at the Elms the young master could not long be forgotten; whenever any grouping of plants or arrangement of the garden was praised, his taste had the credit from his obsequious mother and admiring sister. And within the house, the library where he read, his books, his picture—all were commented on by his kinswomen with a devotion that led Kate involuntarily to believe two things—that he must be both very amiable to be so much loved, and very clever to be so much admired. She caught herself more than once lingering over a book of his in course of reading on the library table; and when Miss Clipp asked her to stand in a favourable light for seeing his picture, it annoyed Kate to remember, that she had blushed, and turned in some confusion away.

When, therefore, Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond arrived that evening, Mr. Clipp escorting them home with a persistency which they could not refuse, they all three entered the drawing-room in such high spirits that it jarred on the nerves of the young girl silently awaiting them. Mrs. Tregabbitt attacked her for not keeping her room when she had been so poorly in the morning. According to that lady, it was either affectation—a yielding to megrims in the morning, or imprudence in neglecting herself in the evening. Edda, giving Mr. Graspington's message, was fain to retire; and as she caught sight of the intensely self-complacent smile that animated the features of Mr. Clipp, she could not help, as she mounted the stairs, thinking of a look she had seen in her cousin's eyes recently when he had gazed at Kate, and, heavy as her own heart was, a pre-sence of another's grief was felt as she whispered, pitifully, "Alas for poor Gilbert's hopes!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THREADS IN THE WEB

AND had Gilbert Graspington, then, allowed himself to hope, in reference to Miss Ormond? At the bidding of his grandfather, or at the sordid suggestions of interest, had he thought of a future that was to be made both rich and radiant by winning an heiress—one whose wealth was her least possession? Let us do him the justice utterly to disclaim for him any such worldliness or presumption. When his grandfather had summoned him so unexpectedly from a post of ill-remunerated drudgery, and added to the surprise by giving him money for a better outfit than he had ever before possessed, the latent purpose was both unknown to the young man, and unsuspected.

Gilbert had seen Miss Ormond at Folkestone, on her return from France, and with the self-depreciation to which a really modest and estimable youth feels in the presence of a lovely and superior young woman, he had

not allowed his thoughts to wander into any presumptuous region of conjecture regarding her.

It was indeed delightful to be permitted to see her: to hear her speak, to recall afterwards her looks and sayings, for both were transfigured to him in that roseate light which never shines but once on life's dull stream. In all this he was borne on unconsciously, with no definite aim, no ulterior purpose. He would have been a wiser man than is often to be found at his years if, when he said he would not allow his thoughts to wander, no restive thoughts rebelled. He held them in check by the strong constraint of a feeling amounting to reverence for Miss Ormond. But he was destined rather abruptly to be awakened out of his ideal by a rude contact with the real in the person and conversation of Mrs. Keziah Crabbe.

The old spinster had been so kind to Gilbert, after her queer fashion, that he entertained a regard for her, and was always ready to make allowances for the mildew of prejudice and eccentricity that is sure to gather on people who, in the decline of life, without elevated spiritual feelings live much alone, and have got so completely into one groove, that it is hopeless to expect to get them out of it. When, therefore, on his taking up his abode at his grandfather's, Mrs. Keziah resumed the flatteries with which she had rather pampered his boyhood, he said, good-humouredly—

"I'm not a youngster now, Kizzy, and your praises are too much like sugar-plums. I have, I hope, outgrown the love of both."

"Ha, my boy—but I don't want ye to be thinking small beer of yourself. You must be brisk, Gilbert, and show 'em you've got a head."

"Beer without head is very flat," he said, laughing. "Water-drinker as I am, I know that, Kizzy."

"Now, be done with your merry nonsense, if you are, as you just said, grown out of sweets, it's time to leave off dilly-dallying, and such-like. Look out for the main chance now, and mind your p's and q's."

She nodded her grotesque head, and puckered up her eyes until they peered at him, like sparks through a gimlet-hole, and he said—

"Whatever does your caution mean, Kizzy?—what am I to do, or to fear?"

"Fear! 'Faint heart never won fair lady:'—that's what you are to mind, Gilbert."

"What!—mind and win fair lady? You speak riddles; and I never guessed a riddle in my life." But as he spoke the blood mounted to his temples, for Kate flashed into his thoughts.

"Tough means it," Mrs. Keziah said, nodding more energetically, and pointing her bony fore-finger in the direction of the office door.

"And does he suppose—can he think—oh, it's preposterous. Pray be quiet. I won't hear it."

"You don't mean to say now that you don't like her!" said Kizzy, aghast, lifting both hands and spreading out her fingers in amazement. "You may well say you've outgrown sugar-plums. Not like her! and she all ready—to be had for the asking."

"Is the woman mad or only silly?" cried Gilbert, out of all patience, and rushed out of the room, retreating



by such strides up the staircase to the attic, which was his territory, that Mrs. Keziah became aware she had offended him, and retreated to the company of her knitting-needles for comfort in her sore perplexity at a matter, which had seemed to her so straight, proving so warped and intricate. She knew her cousin, Tough Graspington, well enough to fear for Gilbert, if from any cause he failed in that which was expected of him.

Alone with his own thoughts, as Gilbert revolved Kizzy's words, and the recent change in his grandfather's manner to him, he felt assured she had grounds for what she had been so broadly hinting, and a feeling of shame very bitter to bear, humbled him. He dreaded lest Miss Ormond should suspect and resent, as she well might, the coarse and shallow manoeuvre in which he was involved, which had mere grovelling Mammon-worship for its basis. He thought with alarm of the shrewd eyes and sharp tongue of Mrs. Tregabbitt, and in anticipation heard himself dismissed from the house with well-merited contempt and scorn. That Kate was rich appeared to this young man a great misfortune. One that put her beyond his reach, for he could not endure that his motives in paying her attention should be misconstrued, and so he came to the resolution to avoid going to Rivercroft—that is, almost came to that resolution; in fact, got into the way of making mental promises that each visit should be the last—positively the last. And yet when Mr. Graspington made frequent occasions for his grandson going there, he did not refuse—and whether he saw Kate, or was obliged to be content with merely delivering a message, or having some business talk with Mrs. Tregabbitt, the fetter that gradually coiled around him strengthened: it might gall, but could not be broken.

This knowledge of his kinsman's motive in introducing him to Miss Ormond made the young man's manners more constrained even than at first. His conscience upbraided him. Nothing could be more respectful—nothing more cold than he was. This set Miss Ormond perfectly at her ease with him. The intensely tender look that Edda, in her quiet observation, had seen in his eyes, had never been observed by Kate. Nay, the little she had moved in society, and the admiration which, in that brief intercourse, she had excited, rather made her note to herself, in a proud, far off way, what she considered the distance and apathy of young Graspington.

That he could be animated she knew, for, talk of any of his favourite authors, or turn to look at him suddenly when music or singing were heard, and then his countenance and manner kindled into enthusiasm. He was certainly, as Mrs. Tregabbitt said, a very fine young man—and there was, without the least assumption or pretence, a tone of purity and goodness in his conversation, which, as he had not been so fortunate as to be reared by a wise mother, or associated with refined sisters, he had gained from a tolerably full communion with some of the best authors in our noble literature, and from a devout wish—the answer, most probably, to his dying mother's prayer—to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

The fluency and *savoir vivre* of Mr. Clipp put Gilbert at a disadvantage; but when he recovered from his

first embarrassment, he bore his share in conversation, when they had met, so well that, more than once, Mr. Clipp had rather abruptly changed the topic, and could scarcely conceal signs of chagrin and impatience.

When, however, Gilbert saw—and he was keen-sighted enough in that matter very soon to do so—that Mr. Clipp was seeking to make himself agreeable to Miss Ormond, his first feeling was ineffable wonder at such presumption, his next impotent anger. But the crowning anguish of all was when he thought, in the ingenuity of his self-torment, that Miss Ormond really smiled on his rival.

In worldly circumstances Mr. Clipp had the advantage of an ascertained position. It was scarcely a disadvantage that he was some ten years older than the lady; but without vanity, as Gilbert compared himself with this aspirant, he might be pardoned for thinking, "Had I an adequate share of wealth to offer Miss Ormond, I am the better man. I love her, as he does not—as he cannot."

Meanwhile, even if Gilbert had been undeterred by the unaffected humility of true love, which ever elevates its object and depreciates self, he would have had, not only one rival, but a whole family to contend with. For Mrs. and Miss Clipp were keen allies of their son and brother. The visit just paid was but preliminary to more that had been arranged, and it was agreed that after an interval of a day, Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond should go to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy with their new friends.

The quiet intervening day was destined to be interrupted, for a gentleman called, whose name startled Miss Ormond. It was Mr. Gerald Oakenshaw. Kate felt glad that Mrs. Tregabbitt, yielding to weariness, had breakfasted in her own room, for it was possible she might have demurred to his being admitted; and Miss Ormond, who had by no means forgotten the strange, brief interview with her aunt at Boulogne, wished to see him, not without hope of some solution of the mystery.

He was dressed in deep mourning, and his pale face looked very grave as he entered, but there was an air of distinction about him that impressed Edda, who had not seen him before, and which was not lost on Kate, who by no means wished to ignore the tie, slight as it was, of affinity between her aunt's step-son and herself.

After the first ordinary greetings, Kate made inquiries for Mrs. Oakenshaw, and was answered—

"She is dead, Miss Ormond. I regret that ever the journey was undertaken. It was too much, for her. She was attacked with paralysis two days after you saw her, and never rallied."

"Poor lady!" sighed Kate. "My remembrance of her is indeed mournful. I wish that I could account in any way for those strange words she uttered. I think I hear them now: 'Your uncle—your father's brother!' They have lingered in my ear, Mr. Oakenshaw, ever since. Had you ever before—you who knew her so well—heard her name such a relative?"

"Never; and I attach no importance to her words, for she was evidently wandering. Certainly she did not say much about her own family; only to disclose when too late, her estrangement from her brother."

"My poor father, too, was silent to me about his only sister. Let us hope each in heart forgave the other," said Kate; and then added, "You, Mr. Oakenshaw, must have a great consolation in having been like an own son to her."

"She was like an own mother to me. I knew no other," he replied; and Kate added, apologetically—

"It was not my fault I was not more a niece to her."

"No, dear Miss Ormond, no. Your will, I am sure, was good."

His clear, fine eyes beamed kindly on Kate as he spoke; and Edina, whose heart was by no means so cold to her friend as she had supposed, looked gratefully at him. He caught the kindness of her look, and their eyes met for an instant. In that momentary glance there was the undefinable mutual recognition which congenial souls electrically feel. Mrs. Tregabbitt hurried into the room full of bustle and apologies; and, in default of any other topic, favoured the young man with a full narrative of their recent boat-house annoyance.

Now that Mrs. Tregabbitt learned the death of Mrs. Oakenshaw, and no longer feared any interference from a relative of Kate's, she was well enough inclined to be very gracious to the young man. Before the interview ended, she learned that Gerald Oakenshaw lodged at Chiswick near them, and was reading with a legal friend, preparatory to entering himself at the Temple. When the visit terminated, which was not until after luncheon, the young man had, from the lady who matronised the house, a very warm assurance that he would be always welcome—an invitation which Kate strengthened by a radiant smile, and Edda, standing in the background, but not unnoticed, seconded, unknown to herself, by a sigh and a blush.

Ah, poor, young people! how little they then knew of the strange career that lay before them.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE EBONY CABINET.

ADJOINING Edina's bedroom, and opening out of it, there was a small chamber, which had formed part of the original centre portion of the house, and which, perhaps, from its being very sheltered and out of the way, Mr. Ormond had intended to make a cosy little study of. With this purpose, he had sent to it a couple of old lumbering secretaries, that fitted the recesses on either side the fireplace, a few fine folio copies of standard books, a small old writing-table for the middle of the room, and an antique ebony cabinet that filled a niche between two Gothic casements. These articles of furniture, with the chairs and faded carpet that accompanied them, were so completely, as Mrs. Tregabbitt said, "of the order shabby" that, had she been consulted, they would never have been sent to Rivercroft; and as it was, once when she visited the

room, she suggested the removal of "that lumber." To this Kate, suddenly roused, had objected, in a tone of undisguised displeasure. These old relics were precious to her, as having been long used by her father; and she said, decidedly, "I would rather part with anything in the house than these. This room shall remain as dear papa had arranged it."

The tone in which this was said forbade discussion, and Mrs. Tregabbitt adroitly veered round to Miss Ormond's mood, remarking—

"Your feelings do you honour, my dear; and, now I look at it, that cabinet, renovated a little, would be lovely in your own boudoir, or even in the drawing-room. See, I declare the mountings are silver."

"No, let it and the rest remain where papa had them placed," replied Kate; and so nothing there was altered.

The cabinet was, in truth, a relic that an antiquarian would have valued, far beyond the costliest buhl and lacquer of modern decorations; and Edina, who rather loved the sombre little room, was glad that it was so contiguous to her own. She had often sat there reading, and her admiration of the cabinet had been sufficient to induce her to make a drawing of it. There was nothing to stimulate curiosity about it, for the little silver key was in the door, and the open-drawers were all empty.

There were also some fine old books in the secretaries; and Edina, having been kept from any intimate acquaintance with her own national literature, was glad to find a folio edition of the Rev. George Herbert's poems, and to begin studying those devout breathings of a spirit filled with a divine afflatus of light and love. Of late, indeed, the soothing and enlightening influence of such reading had been neutralised by the sorrows and perturbations that had troubled her; so that now she was thrown back again on her own tormenting thoughts and vague fears. At one instant, as she remembered her grandfather's denunciations of her father, believing that father was shamefully belied; at another dreading lest there might be truth in the charges; and then marvelling whether or not he was living; and, strangely enough, mingling Gerald Oakenshaw with these thoughts—"Oh, how humiliating if he knew!"

On the day following Gerald Oakenshaw's visit, the two ladies of Rivercroft (Miss Ormond and Mrs. Tregabbitt) kept their appointment with Mrs. and Miss Clipp for the Royal Academy, Edina having asked to be excused, and indeed her pale face, more than her words, pleaded for rest. The struggle in her mind had been fearful, as during the past two nights she had revolved on her sleepless pillow the fact of her mother's miserable death, and visited in thought the lonely dead-house, where, unowned and unknown, she remains awaited interment. Nothing could well be worse for the poor girl just then than loneliness.

(To be continued.)

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ED QUIVER.